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## Notice.

*Subscribers are informed that a Quarter's Subscription to Christmas, 1845, is now due, and they are respectfully requested to forward the same as early as possible.*

## The Norwich Festival.

A gentleman of Norwich, a zealous amateur of music, and otherwise a man of parts, writes to us, in a strain of angry enquiry, relative to the total silence of the "Musical World," on the subject of the recent Norwich Festival. "Never," says our correspondent, "did a more brilliant musical meeting enliven the ancient town of Norwich—always, by the way, remarkable for its enthusiasm in such matters. The selections were classical, the performances admirable, the attendance numerous and fashionable, and the result triumphantly successful. Much of all this may be traced to the wise step of the committee in engaging the celebrated artist, M. Benedict, as director of the proceedings." And our correspondent concludes by bullying us soundly for having taken no notice of the event. "If," he exclaims, "you desire to enforce the consideration due to your eminent position of one of the principal musical periodicals in Europe, how can you hope for it when you leave unrecorded a musical festival of such importance?"

We plead guilty, but here is our excuse. Imprimis—we were at Brussels, when the Norwich Festival occurred, and not rejoicing in the attribute of ubiquity, we found it impossible to be in Brussels and at Norwich, precisely at the same moment. Secundo—our excellent sub-editor, Mr. Desmond Ryan—whose distinguished talent, and eminent indefatigability, will hardly be denied by any reasonable person—having the sole direction of the "Musical World," during our sojourn among the Flemish, and being equally unendowed with ubiquity, could not be in London and Norwich at the same time, any more than ourselves could be simultaneously in Brussels and Norwich. Therefore—

Mr. Desmond Ryan having no instructions from us to engage a correspondent expressly—himself being unable to go—and our regular Norwich collaborateur being in Berlin, during the epoch of the Festival—we do not well see how an account of the proceedings could have been obtained, unless from the London or local papers. The latter expedient, though it suggested itself to our worthy representative, was rejected by him, after deliberate consideration—but what were the reasons which led to the conclusion he arrived at, never occurred to us to ask or to him to tell.

Having tendered our explanation, we shall now avail ourselves of the welcomest portion of our angry correspondent's mission, viz. a detailed description of the proceedings at the Norwich Festival, of which we here present a brief abstract:—

## The Norwich Festival.

Monday, Sept. 15, 1845.

I attended the rehearsal this morning at ten o'clock—St. Andrew's Hall being the *locale*. Spohr's *Calvary*, and Haydn's *Seasons*, were rehearsed. The band, led by T. Cooke, numbered one hundred and fourteen. The chorus was composed of eighty-four trebles, fifty altos, sixty-eight tenors, and seventy basses. The principal singers engaged for the festival are Madame Grisi, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Dolby, Miss Poole, Signor Mario, Signor F. Lablache, Messrs. Hobbs, Hawkins, Machin, Bradbury, and Staudigl. Benedict's conducting comes up to the highest expectations of his friends, and his general demeanour is the subject of universal satisfaction. A fitter man could not have been selected for the post. The Hall was full of visitors, and the rehearsal went off uncommonly well. Nothing remarkable occurred—but Herr Staudigl lost his snuff-box, a piece of massive silver, which tempted the avarice, and rewarded the enterprise, of some thoroughly educated pick-pocket. Herr Staudigl, on missing it, good-humouredly accused Mr. T. Cooke of the theft—but that gentleman's character being above suspicion, his simple denial was enough to satisfy the German artist.

Tuesday Evening, Sep. 16.

The first performance occurred this evening. The Hall was full. The Programme was as follows:—

### PART I.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST—(with Mozart's additional Accompaniments)..... HANDEL.

## Principal Vocalists.

Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Poole, Messrs. Hobbs, Hawkins, Machin, and Herr Staudigl.

## PART II.

- SINFONIA—in G minor..... MOZART.  
 ARIA—Madame Caradori Allan, "Quanda Quell' Uom." (Ida dell Torre)..... NINA.  
 ARIA—Herr Staudigl, "Ha! Win Will Ich Triumphieren." (Il Seraglio)..... MOZART.  
 RECIT. and ARIA—Madame Grisi, "Bel Raggio." (Semiramide)..... ROSSINI.  
 TRIO—Signor Mario, Signor F. Lablache, and Herr Staudigl, "Troncar Suoi Di." (Gulielmo Tell.)... ROSSINI.  
 CONCERTO VIOLIN—Master Day, No. 3. .... DE BERTOT.  
 PREGHIERA—Signor Mario, "Ave Maria." ..... SCHUBERT.  
 SONG—Miss Poole, "By the Sad Sea Waves," (Brides of Venice)..... BENEDICT.  
 DUETTO—Madame Grisi and Madame Caradori Allan, "Sull' Aria." (Le Nozze di Figaro)..... MOZART.  
 CAVATINA—Miss Dolby, "In Forest Glade." ..... LINLEY.  
 DUETTO BUFFO—Madame Grisi and Signor F. Lablache "Con Pazienza Supportano" ..... MAYER.  
 RECIT. and AIR—Signor Mario, "Tu Vedrai." (Il Pirata) BELLINI.  
 POLACCA and QUARTETTO—Madame Grisi, Signor Mario, Signor F. Lablache, and Herr Staudigl, "Son Vergin Vezzosa." (I Puritani) ..... BELLINI.

The performance of this interesting programme was generally admirable. The "Bel raggio" of Grisi, the *Aria* from the *Seraglio* of Staudigl, the *Ave Maria* of Mario, and the respective ballads of Misses Dolby and Poole, both of which were sung deliciously, carried off the vocal honors of the evening. Mozart's noble Symphony, finely executed under Benedict's able conductorship, did not greatly excite the sympathies of the Norwich amateurs, who passed it over in cold apathy. Master Day's Concerto on the violin was a masterly performance, and elicited deserved applause.

Wednesday, Sept. 17.

The attendance this morning at the Hall was very numerous. The programme was as below:—

## PART I.

- HYMN..... C.M. VON WEBER.  
 (Principal Vocalists, Misses Dolby and Poole, Messrs. Hobbs, Machin, and Herr Staudigl).  
 SONG—Miss Dolby (*St. Paul*)..... MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY.  
 SELECTION—from *Stabat Mater*..... ROSSINI.

## PART II.

- THE SEASONS..... HAYDN.  
 (Solo parts by Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Poole, Herr Staudigl, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Machin, and Mr. Hobbs).

Weber's *Hymn* scarcely merited resuscitation from its long inhabited burying-place of oblivion. However, as a curiosity, it was interesting enough, and was well performed by the vocalists and orchestra. Miss Dolby sang the aria from *St. Paul*, with exquisite pathos, and was applauded enthusiastically. The selection from the *Stabat* consisted of the quartet and chorus, "*Stabat Mater Dolorosa*," by Grisi, Miss Dolby, Mario, and F. Lablache—the duet, "*Quis est Homo*," by Grisi and Miss Dolby (beautifully rendered by both ladies)—the air, "*Pro Peccatis*," by Staudigl—and the air with chorus, "*Inflamatus*," by Grisi. The execution was worthy of more commendation than the music, which by no means improves on close acquaintance. "*The Seasons*" was altogether well performed. In the evening, the second miscellaneous concert began with a selection from "*Don Giovanni*," by Grisi, Caradori, Miss Poole, Mario, Staudigl, Machin, and F. Lablache, which gave much satisfaction to an

audience of nearly twelve hundred. A medley part followed, commencing with the A Symphony of Beethoven, which from the energetic style of its performance, spoke volumes for the careful and judicious training of Benedict. Afterwards came a *pot pourri* of vocal pieces, Italian, German, English, and Scotch, which I need not individualize. The only novelty was a clever glee, by Mr. T. Cooke, the poetry from Ossian, which was excellently rendered by Messrs. Hawkins, Hobbs, Grattan Cooke, Machin, and Herr Staudigl. The Italians were in splendid voice, and performed their part of the programme, with brilliant effect. Staudigl was encored in "*O ruddier than the Cherry*," and Miss Dolby afforded unequivocal pleasure by her spirited and characteristic singing of two popular Scotch ballads.

Thursday, Sept. 8.

Spohr's *Calvary* was given this morning, but the attendance was not so full as yesterday. I subjoin the programme:—

## PART I.

- JUBILATE ..... PURCELL.  
 The Solos by Miss Dolby, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. Hobbs.  
 SELECTIONS FROM REQUIEM ..... MOZART.  
 The Solos by Madame Grisi, Miss Dolby, Signor Mario, Signor F. Lablache, and Herr Staudigl.

## PART II.

- CALVARY—(Oratorio) ..... SPOHR.  
 The Solos by Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Poole, Miss Dolby, Master Turle, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Hayden, Herr Staudigl, Mr. Machin, Mr. Bradbury, and Mr. Smythson.

Purcell's *Jubilate* contains nothing very remarkable—it was, however, well performed. Mozart's *Requiem* is the masterpiece of masterpieces, and after it should nothing come. It was not the fault of Spohr that his music appeared less beautiful than ordinary. I must say a word in favour of Master Day, who executed some violin obligato passages in the accompaniments, to perfection. In the evening, the following programme attracted an immense audience.

## PART I.

- SINFONIA in C minor, No. 5. .... BEETHOVEN.  
 SONG—Herr Staudigl, "Der wanderer." ..... SCHUBERT.  
 DUETTO—Madame Caradori Allan and Signor F. Lablache, "Di capricci." (Corradino)..... ROSSINI.  
 ARIA—Madame Grisi, "Qui la voce." (I Puritani)..... BELLINI.  
 DUET—Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Machin, "Love and War."... T. COOKE.  
 ARIA—Madame Caradori Allan, "Deh per questo." (La Clemenza di Tito)..... MOZART.  
 CAVATINA—Signor Mario, "Fra nembi." (I Briganti)..... MERCADANTE.  
 SELECTIONS from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* .... DR. F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY.

Overture and Scherzo.—Chorus—"Philomel with Melody," (Solos by Miss Poole and Miss Dolby).—Notturno and Bridal March.—Chorus—"Through this house."

## PART II.

- OVERTURE—(Der Freischütz)..... C. M. VON WEBER.  
 BALLAD—Miss Poole, "Dream-like days." ..... BARNETT.  
 DUET—Pianoforte and Violin—Mr. Benedict and Master Day, on Themes from *La Sonnambula* ..... DE BERTOT.  
 SERENADE—Signor Mario, con coro, "Com e gentili," (Don Pasquale)..... DONIZETTI.  
 SCOTCH BALLAD—Madame Caradori Allan.  
 RECITATIVE and AIR—Mr. Hobbs, "The Mansion of Peace." ..... WEBER.  
 VILANELLA—"Strew, strew, joyously." ..... BENEDICT.  
 GERMAN SONG—Miss Dolby, "She is mine." ..... CURSCHMANN.

DUETTO—Madame Grisi and Signor F. Lablache, "O guardate che figura." (*La Prova*) ..... GNECCO.  
 CONCERTO—Bassoon—Mr. Baumann. .... BAUMANN.  
 SONG—Mr. Machin; and Chorus, "Haste thee Nymph." (*L'Allegro*)..... HANDEL.  
 FINALE and CHORUS—"Victoria our Queen." ..... ROSSINI.

This splendid programme was evidently traceable to the hand of Benedict, whose charming *Villanella* was beautifully sung. The symphony and the selections from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, were admirably performed, and the vocal music was deserving all praise. I regret, indeed, that I cannot specify each particular *morceau*. The duet between Mr. Benedict and Master Day was a brilliant performance on both hands.

Friday, Sept. 19.

As usual, the immortal *Messiah* achieved the great triumph and attracted the most crowded audience. The vocalists were Madame Caradori, Miss Dolby, Mr. Hobbs, and Herr Staudigl, to praise whom, in what they have so often performed to general admiration, were at this time superfluous—suffice it, the solo vocalists, the chorus, the orchestra, and the conductor (Mr. Benedict), were one and all entitled to the highest praise.

The grand ball, this night, was attended by nearly nine hundred persons. St. Andrews' Hall presenting a magnificent spectacle on the occasion. A piece of plate has been voted to the Rev. Mr. Elwin, as a mark of respect and gratitude for his zeal in the cause of music, not only manifested in favour of the present festival—but for the last seventy years. To conclude, the number of tickets taken during the performance was as follows:—

	Patrons.	Hall.
Tuesday evening.....	76	625
Wednesday morning.....	258	1,077
Wednesday evening.....	82	1,129
Thursday morning.....	134	888
Thursday evening.....	133	1,533
Friday morning.....	330	1,472
	1,013	6,724

The admission to the reserved seats, in the Patron's gallery, was one guinea—to the body of the hall, ten shillings and sixpence. S.

Thus, reader, we have gleaned for you all the facts out of our correspondent's communication, and we only regret the necessity, at this late period, of depriving you of the greater part of his criticisms and observations—which were well worth preserving.

J. W. D.

### Dramatic Intelligence.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—We were unwilling to notice Mr. Macready's first performance of *Othello* at the Princess's, in as much as we fancied the character then was neither sustained with the power nor discrimination of his efforts of former years; and not being able to refer the falling off to other cause than mental depression or illness, we forewent our criticism until we had seen him a second time in the part. We have seen *Othello* twice, and the opinions we distrusted at the actor's first performance, have been corroborated by its repetition. Time and study have improved Mr. Macready's "*Hamlet*" and "*King Lear*," and elaborated them almost to

perfection. The causes that have effected amelioration in these essays of his art, have wrought no change for the better in his "*Othello*." No one will accuse us of being under-raters of the great tragedian, nor, when we find fault, that we are impelled thereto by any invidious feeling or spirit, of lessening: but our motto is, "we are nothing if not critical;" and our love for the art, which is antecedent to our liking for the artist, forbids us from winking upon fault or error. In the present version of Mr. Macready's "*Othello*," the character has, for the most part, lost its dignity and solemnity. The Moor, to use his enemy's words, is noble and of a free and open nature; he is one too, "not easily moved," as we may gather from the earlier scenes of the play, as well as from his own expression. He is calm and undisturbed save by violent means. His passion does not spring from that irritability of nature we find in Lear, Coriolanus, Hotspur, Cassius, and other of the poet's creations; it is not the flickering spark beneath the embers, but the latent fire in the flint; it is not an affection exhibited in pettish effervescence, but an eruption instantaneous and ungovernable; it partakes more of the onward sweep of the Simoom than the divergencies of the Hurricane. The grandeur of this passion, single and concentrated, Mr. Macready shatters into fragments. It is foreshown to us in his first phrase, "Tis better as it is." Such words in such utterance, would have fitter become the lips of Coriolanus. Nor was this declamatory nervousness the only fault that disqualified his first speech: an error of another kind was committed. The line, "But that I love the gentle Desdemona," was delivered by the actor with a pathos of voice more consistent with the pleadings of his affection to the lady herself, than instancing to a third person such affection as a justification of putting himself "into circumscription and confine." Such out-of-joint tenderness degenerated into whining. The same faults sullied the whole speech before the Senate. How different was the manner in which Mr. Macready spoke the simple phrase, "My life upon her faith." It was modulated to the very tone of love and confidence. Equally touching and natural was his first meeting with Desdemona at Cyprus. Indeed the entire of the second act might be pronounced faultless. Had the part throughout been so represented, we should have thrown down our pen in despair of criticising, as we did when we essayed our remarks on *King Lear*. The third act of *Othello* is considered the great test of an actor's capabilities. Here, in Mr. Macready's performance, there was much that was unsatisfactory, much that was excellent, and some touches of exquisite felicity. The imperfections arose from the causes stated above. His rage was deficient in intensity. What it gained in ebullition it lost in condensation. *Othello's* passion alternates between fits of irrepressible madness and terrible efforts at suppression. The fire either "burns like the mines of Sulphur," or smoulders. The passion in Mr. Macready's hands was all flame, too wavering for validness, too broken for direction. There were, however, many points throughout his first scene with *Iago* of great excellence. We have seldom witnessed any thing on the stage more real and striking than his hesitation in giving his hand to *Iago*, forbearing to look upon him, and uttering the words, "I am bound to thee for ever." He was no less happy in his sudden outbreak of love and return to confidence, when he sees Desdemona approaching:—

"Desdemona comes:  
 If she be false, O, then Heaven mocks itself,  
 I'll not believe it."

The famous speech, "O, now for ever farewell," left nothing to find fault with, and the terrible burst of fury



when Othello seizes Iago by the throat, we have always considered as given by Mr. Macready with greater earnestness and reality than any actor within our remembrance. In the fourth act, in the scene with Desdemona and Ludovico, we think the tragedian has improved on his previous performance. The subsequent scene with Desdemona is also worthy of the highest praise. It exhibited the greatest ingredients of tragic power; pathos, energy, and truth. But why does Mr. Macready—the regenerator of Shakspeare—following the stage copies of the play, omit that touching figure in the speech, commencing, "Had it pleased Heaven"—?

"But (alas!) to make me  
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn  
To point his slow and moving finger at.—  
O! O!  
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well!"

Is this wise? The last act exhibited the tragedian's powers to great advantage. We must except the last speech, which wanted the solemnity of a broken heart which sees its all lost, and to which nothing remains but to die. Othello's last leave taking of Desdemona might have been better managed: it was too hurried. A pause near the bedside might have been used with great effect. The death of the Moor is rendered by Mr. Macready with great truthfulness and felicity. It is one of those touches of originality that can only proceed from genius combined with observation. We have thus weighed the actor's faults and beauties in the balance of our judgment, and we have come to the conclusion that Mr. Macready's performance of "Othello" cannot, for a moment, endure comparison with his "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Iago," or "Hamlet." This, we are convinced, proceeds not from the actor's incapacity—not a whit—but from some strange obliquity of judgment, that makes him view Othello in the same physiological light with Coriolanus and King Lear. We acknowledge that the character of the Moor is opposed to that natural irritability that makes many of Shakspeare's heroes so consonant to Mr. Macready's temperament. But we know that it is not alone in fretful parts that the actor stands supereminent. We have only to recall to our minds his performances of "King John," "Henry the Fourth," and "Brutus," and we must feel satisfied that the tragedian is not confined to the mad Hotspurs and angry Lears, but that the repose and stoicism of acting have never found a more efficient delineator. His Othello is certainly not what it might be made in the hands of such an artist.

Of the rest of the performers we have but a few words to offer. Mr. Wallack's Iago was highly commendable. That it was all that could be desired, would be saying that which none could believe, as the part is out of that peculiar line in which this gentleman is unequalled on the present stage. There were, however, some portions of the play, in which the actor was all-sufficient. His scenes with Roderigo and Cassio were invariably excellent. Cassio and Roderigo found adequate representatives in Messrs. Cooper and J. Vining. The Emilia of Mrs. Ternan lacked power. The lady should have undertaken Desdemona. Of Mrs. Stirling's Desdemona we can pronounce nothing commendatory. It failed to produce the slightest effect on the audience. The play was not received with that tumultuous applause we were wont to witness on many previous occasions. The theatre was filled in every part. Such crowded houses, in succession, is certainly a novelty on the present stage. Mr. Maddox, we are glad to see, is reaping the benefit of his high speculation.

We are obliged, from want of space, to forego our notice of the new ballet, "Le Diable à Quatre." A lengthened article is prepared and will appear in our next. D. R.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—Shakspeare's exquisite drama, "As You Like It," was produced at this theatre, on Wednesday, the 5th inst., to exhibit Miss Helen Faucit in a line of acting somewhat different from her customary performances. We confess we expected much from this lady in the character of Rosalind. The part, though pertaining to comedy, is not comic. It is such a delicate blending of the serious with the playful, such sweet harmonising of mirth and tenderness, whim and devotion, as no poet but Shakspeare could fancy, and no actor, but one of the highest capacity, could vivify. We have been accustomed to witness Rosalind played as a light comedy part, conceived and delineated in the same mental illumination with Oriana and Angelina. This never satisfied us. To the vulgar ken such an impersonation might seem more vivid and dramatic; but the poet's purport was lost. In the whole range of the Shaksperian female gallery we can find no portrait more delicately drawn than Rosalind. She is the true sister of Viola, and has nothing in common with Beatrice. In brief, the part demands from the actress the airiness of comedy superinduced on the susceptibility of tragedy. Miss Helen Faucit far surpassed our preconceived expectations. A more exquisite performance throughout we have never witnessed. In outline and detail—in grace of mien and movement—in light-heartedness and devotion—in conception and execution, we beheld Rosalind transfigured on the boards. To cite passages or scenes of excellence, would be to transfer the entire part to our pages; a superfluous task, when every modern reader has—or, ought to have—the poet by heart. In our humble opinion, Miss Helen Faucit, in her performance of Rosalind, has achieved a greater triumph than she has gained from any character in which she hitherto appeared before the public. Mr. Anderson was far too sombre in his part. He does not appear to advantage in Jacques. He falls into the common error of making him a sentimentalist instead of a moralist. But even in his moralising Jacques exhibits something of the humourist and snarler. He is evidently a man discontented and out of his element. His melancholy is derived from circumstances and not from constitution—from necessity not choice. He pines for the Court, as Lord Brougham does for the Woolsack, and analogically with the Ex-chancellor, his invectives are disgorged from spleen and disappointment. Such an impersonation, made up of such different ingredients, requires no mean powers of conception and embodiment in an actor to invest it with life and reality. The character of Jacques suffers in no small degree from the present stage version of the play. It was a puerile notion of the reformer of Shakspeare, to transfer the two speeches of the first Lord, in the opening of the second act, to Jacques, thinking thereby to strengthen the cast. There is nothing gained by the transposition. The language, that from another's lips becomes felicitously descriptive of Jacques, falls flat and senseless from his own utterance. But the sapient reformer—this Martin Luther of the poet—went further. Having handed over to the moralist the two speeches of Lord, number one, he thought it necessary to cut out an equivalent portion of Jacques' part. Let us quote what is omitted and let the reader judge for himself, what is gained and what is lost. The following is entirely left out in the representation.—

Jacques. "I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind.  
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:

And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?  
The why is plain as way to parish church:  
He that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
Doth very foolishly, altho' he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomized,  
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.  
Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'st do.

Jacq. What for a counter would I do but good?

Duke. Most mischievous folly, sin in chiding sin:  
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;  
And all the embossed sores and headed evils  
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,  
Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

Jacq. Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private property?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
'Till that the very very means do ebb?

What woman in the city do I name,  
When that I say, the city-woman bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
Who can come in and say, that I mean her,  
When such a one is she, such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function,  
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,

(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?

Here then; how, what then? Let me see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,

Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies

Unclaim'd of any man.

We were sorry to find Miss Faucit omitting one of Rosalind's most characteristic speeches. Jacques goes out, having replied to Orlando—

"Nay, then, God be with you, an you talk in blank verse."

Rosalind should reply—

"Farewell, monsieur traveller: look, you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance that you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola."

The play throughout was creditably performed, and listened to with breathless attention by a numerous and fashionable audience. Miss P. Horton, who played Celia, introduced a very pretty cavatina from the pen of Mr. T. German Reed, and received much applause. We most strenuously recommend the seeker for all that is gracious and discriminative in the highest school of acting to witness Miss Helen Faucit's performance of Rosalind.

D. R.

**FRENCH PLAYS.**—We were present on Monday at the debut of a young actress, who promises to be a valuable acquisition to Mr. Mitchell's already powerful company. Mdle. Martelleur, the debutante in question, possesses the advantages most desirable for an aspirant to histrionic fame. Her deportment is genteel—her action graceful and easy—her countenance capable of the greatest variety of expression—her voice agreeable and telling—her delivery clear and decided—her figure tall and elegant, and her face decidedly handsome. Such qualities—added to originality of conception, great vivacity, quiet humor, and general facility of execution—have placed success at the feet of Mdle. Martelleur, who has but to make use of her natural endowments to reach, very speedily, a conspicuous position in her art. That she is destined to become as distinguished a favorite with the British frequenters

of the St. James's theatre, as she has already been for some time with the Parisian public, her reception on Monday night—throughout her impersonation of a part, in itself insignificant, but rendered highly interesting by the admirable talent of the interpreter—sufficiently indicated. Mdle. Martelleur was efficiently aided in the subordinate characters by Mdle. Heloise, M.M. Narcisse, Plunket, and Dorgebret. The piece was a one act *vaudeville*, of no sterling merit, called *La Demoiselle Majeure*. This was followed by *Deux filles a marier*, another one act piece, which gave good scope for the talent of the pretty and animated Mdle. St. Marc—whom the *Morning Post* has declared to be a divinity, in several notices—and the dry humour of M. Cartigny—who gave great zest to the character of M. Merinet, a landholder, with more shrewdness than modesty, and more money than either. The whole concluded with *Le Capitaine Roquefnette*, a piece which the Adelphi version of our excellent collaborateur, Dion Bourcicault, has made familiar to an English public, under the cognomen of *The Soldier of Fortune*. The imperturbably droll and singularly impudent Captain, found a faithful representative in M. Lafont, an actor of infinite mirth and unctuous humor, and evidently—to judge by the continued peals of laughter that greeted his efforts—an immense favourite with the audience. The entertainment was altogether admirable, and the tasteful and comfortable style in which the theatre has been decorated, during the vacancy, by the enterprising lessee, added to the intrinsic charm of the performances. D.

## Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;  
Notes, notes, forsooth, and nothing!"

SHAKESPEARE.

No. XLV.

NAME-KNOWLEDGE.

IN the absence of that true knowledge which all would wish to see universally diffused, many persons must have remarked that, in general society, an assumed wisdom is often maintained with great effect by those persons who really know not one iota more of the matter under discussion than the modest listeners, who, mentally acknowledging their ignorance, are content to pay the penalty of their deficiency by remaining with their mouths shut. As the kind of knowledge here mentioned, like the capital of a bubble speculator, serves very well to trade upon, as long as it is mutually understood that no unpleasant questions shall be asked, the ambitious individual who, partly by accident and partly by impudence, has once succeeded in leading his friends tacitly to admit his superiority, is usually enabled to take that rank which, perhaps, nine people out of ten with whom he is discussing from the possession of real knowledge upon the subject, are truly and justly entitled to.

In music this superficial air of profundity is perhaps more observable than in any other of the arts or sciences; and as, upon examination of the matter, we shall generally find that an accurate recollection of the names of the various composers, with a list of their principal compositions, is usually considered sufficient for the purpose, we think that we cannot choose a better term by which to distinguish this peculiar quality than that which is placed at the head of our present article.

The pretensions of those who profess this *name-knowledge* would not, however, appear at all absurd were they to confine their observations to the information which they may really happen to possess. This, however, is not the case. Knowing nothing whatever of most of the standard compositions but the names, it is upon their *relative merits* that they will discourse; and, having about the same amount of knowledge upon the composers, it is upon their *several characteristics* that they will enlarge. Nay this is not all: for, fearing that their ignorance may peep forth, unless they form some decided opinion which they can on all occasions

when Othello seizes Iago by the throat, we have always considered as given by Mr. Macready with greater earnestness and reality than any actor within our remembrance. In the fourth act, in the scene with Desdemona and Ludovico, we think the tragedian has improved on his previous performance. The subsequent scene with Desdemona is also worthy of the highest praise. It exhibited the greatest ingredients of tragic power; pathos, energy, and truth. But why does Mr. Macready—the regenerator of Shakspeare—following the stage copies of the play, omit that touching figure in the speech, commencing, "Had it pleased Heaven"—?

"But (alas!) to make me  
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn  
To point his slow and moving finger at.—  
O! O!  
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:"

is this wise? The last act exhibited the tragedian's powers to great advantage. We must except the last speech, which wanted the solemnity of a broken heart which sees its all lost, and to which nothing remains but to die. Othello's last leave taking of Desdemona might have been better managed: it was too hurried. A pause near the bedside might have endured with great effect. The death of the Moor is rendered by Mr. Macready with great truthfulness and felicity. It is one of those touches of originality that can only proceed from genius combined with observation. We have thus weighed the actor's faults and beauties in the balance of our judgment, and we have come to the conclusion that Mr. Macready's performance of "Othello" cannot, for a moment, endure comparison with his "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Iago," or "Hamlet." This, we are convinced, proceeds not from the actor's incapacity—not a whit—but from some strange obliquity of judgment, that makes him view Othello in the same physiological light with Coriolanus and King Lear. We acknowledge that the character of the Moor is opposed to that natural irritability that makes many of Shakspeare's heroes so consonant to Mr. Macready's temperament. But we know that it is not alone in fretful parts that the actor stands supereminent. We have only to recall to our minds his performances of "King John," "Henry the Fourth," and "Brutus," and we must feel satisfied that the tragedian is not confined to the mad Hotspurs and angry Lears, but that the repose and stoicism of acting have never found a more efficient delineator. His Othello is certainly not what it might be made in the hands of such an artist.

Of the rest of the performers we have but a few words to offer. Mr. Wallack's Iago was highly commendable. That it was all that could be desired, would be saying that which none could believe, as the part is out of that peculiar line in which this gentleman is unequalled on the present stage. There were, however, some portions of the play, in which the actor was all-sufficient. His scenes with Roderigo and Cassio were invariably excellent. Cassio and Roderigo found adequate representatives in Messrs. Cooper and J. Vining. The Emilia of Mrs. Ternan lacked power. The lady should have undertaken Desdemona. Of Mrs. Stirling's Desdemona we can pronounce nothing commendatory. It failed to produce the slightest effect on the audience. The play was not received with that tumultuous applause we were wont to witness on many previous occasions. The theatre was filled in every part. Such crowded houses, in succession, is certainly a novelty on the present stage. Mr. Maddox, we are glad to see, is reaping the benefit of his high speculation.

We are obliged, from want of space, to forego our notice of the new ballet, "Le Diable à Quatre." A lengthened article is prepared and will appear in our next.  
D. R.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—Shakspeare's exquisite drama, "As You Like It," was produced at this theatre, on Wednesday, the 5th inst., to exhibit Miss Helen Faucit in a line of acting somewhat different from her customary performances. We confess we expected much from this lady in the character of Rosalind. The part, though pertaining to comedy, is not comic. It is such a delicate blending of the serious with the playful, such sweet harmonising of mirth and tenderness, whim and devotion, as no poet but Shakspeare could fancy, and no actor, but one of the highest capacity, could vivify. We have been accustomed to witness Rosalind played as a light comedy part, conceived and delineated in the same mental illumination with Oriana and Angelina. This never satisfied us. To the vulgar ken such an impersonation might seem more vivid and dramatic; but the poet's purport was lost. In the whole range of the Shaksperian female gallery we can find no portrait more delicately drawn than Rosalind. She is the true sister of Viola, and has nothing in common with Beatrice. In brief, the part demands from the actress the airiness of comedy superinduced on the susceptibility of tragedy. Miss Helen Faucit far surpassed our preconceived expectations. A more exquisite performance throughout we have never witnessed. In outline and detail—in grace of mien and movement—in light-heartedness and devotion—in conception and execution, we beheld Rosalind transfigured on the boards. To cite passages or scenes of excellence, would be to transfer the entire part to our pages; a superfluous task, when every modern reader has—or, ought to have—the poet by heart. In our humble opinion, Miss Helen Faucit, in her performance of Rosalind, has achieved a greater triumph than she has gained from any character in which she hitherto appeared before the public. Mr. Anderson was far too sombre in his part. He does not appear to advantage in Jacques. He falls into the common error of making him a sentimentalist instead of a moralist. But even in his moralising Jacques exhibits something of the humourist and snarler. He is evidently a man discontented and out of his element. His melancholy is derived from circumstances and not from constitution—from necessity not choice. He pines for the Court, as Lord Brougham does for the Woolsack, and analogically with the Ex-chancellor, his invectives are disgorged from spleen and disappointment. Such an impersonation, made up of such different ingredients, requires no mean powers of conception and embodiment in an actor to invest it with life and reality. The character of Jacques suffers in no small degree from the present stage version of the play. It was a puerile notion of the reformer of Shakspeare, to transfer the two speeches of the first Lord, in the opening of the second act, to Jacques, thinking thereby to strengthen the cast. There is nothing gained by the transposition. The language, that from another's lips becomes felicitously descriptive of Jacques, falls flat and senseless from his own utterance. But the sapient reformer—this Martin Luther of the poet—went further. Having handed over to the moralist the two speeches of Lord, number one, he thought it necessary to cut out an equivalent portion of Jacques' part. Let us quote what is omitted and let the reader judge for himself, what is gained and what is lost. The following is entirely left out in the representation.—

Jacques. "I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind.  
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:



And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?  
The why is plain as way to parish church:  
He that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
Doth very foolishly, altho' he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomized,  
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.  
Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'st do.

Jacqu. What for a counter would I do but good?

Duke. Most mischievous folly, sin in chiding sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

As sensual as the brutish sting itself;

And all the embossed sores and headed evils

That thou with license of free foot hast caught,

Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

Jacqu. Why, who cries out on pride,

That can therein tax any private property?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

'Till that the very very means do ebb?

What woman in the city do I name,

When that I say, the city-woman bears

The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in and say, that I mean her,

When such a one is she, such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function,

That says, his bravery is not on my cost,

(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?

Here then; how, what then? Let me see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,

Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies

Unclaim'd of any man.—"

We were sorry to find Miss Faucit omitting one of Rosalind's most characteristic speeches. Jacques goes out, having replied to Orlando—

"Nay, then, God be with you, an you talk in blank verse."

Rosalind should reply—

"Farewell, monsieur traveller: look, you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance that you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola."

The play throughout was creditably performed, and listened to with breathless attention by a numerous and fashionable audience. Miss P. Horton, who played Celia, introduced a very pretty cavatina from the pen of Mr. T. German Reed, and received much applause. We most strenuously recommend the seeker for all that is gracious and discriminative in the highest school of acting to witness Miss Helen Faucit's performance of Rosalind.

D. R.

**FRENCH PLAYS.**—We were present on Monday at the debut of a young actress, who promises to be a valuable acquisition to Mr. Mitchell's already powerful company. Mdlle. Martelleur, the debutante in question, possesses the advantages most desirable for an aspirant to histrionic fame. Her deportment is genteel—her action graceful and easy—her countenance capable of the greatest variety of expression—her voice agreeable and telling—her delivery clear and decided—her figure tall and elegant, and her face decidedly handsome. Such qualities—added to originality of conception, great vivacity, quiet humor, and general facility of execution—have placed success at the feet of Mdlle. Martelleur, who has but to make use of her natural endowments to reach, very speedily, a conspicuous position in her art. That she is destined to become as distinguished a favorite with the British frequenters

of the St. James's theatre, as she has already been for some time with the Parisian public, her reception on Monday night—throughout her impersonation of a part, in itself insignificant, but rendered highly interesting by the admirable talent of the interpreter—sufficiently indicated. Mdlle. Martelleur was efficiently aided in the subordinate characters by Mdlle. Heloise, M.M. Narcisse, Plunket, and Dorgebret. The piece was a one act *vaudeville*, of no sterling merit, called *La Demoiselle Majeure*. This was followed by *Deux filles a marier*, another one act piece, which gave good scope for the talent of the pretty and animated Mdlle. St. Marc—whom the *Morning Post* has declared to be a divinity, in several notices—and the dry humour of M. Cartigny—who gave great zest to the character of M. Merinet, a landholder, with more shrewdness than modesty, and more money than either. The whole concluded with *Le Capitaine Roquefinette*, a piece which the Adelphi version of our excellent collaborateur, Dion Bourcicault, has made familiar to an English public, under the cognomen of *The Soldier of Fortune*. The imperturbably droll and singularly impudent Captain, found a faithful representative in M. Lafont, an actor of infinite mirth and unctuous humor, and evidently—to judge by the continued peals of laughter that greeted his efforts—an immense favourite with the audience. The entertainment was altogether admirable, and the tasteful and comfortable style in which the theatre has been decorated, during the vacancy, by the enterprising lessee, added to the intrinsic charm of the performances. D.

## Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;  
Notes, notes, forsooth, and notes!"

SHAKESPEARE.

No. XLV.

NAME-KNOWLEDGE.

IN the absence of that true knowledge which all would wish to see universally diffused, many persons must have remarked that, in general society, an assumed wisdom is often maintained with great effect by those persons who really know not one iota more of the matter under discussion than the modest listeners, who, mentally acknowledging their ignorance, are content to pay the penalty of their deficiency by remaining with their mouths shut. As the kind of knowledge here mentioned, like the capital of a bubble speculator, serves very well to trade upon, as long as it is mutually understood that no unpleasant questions shall be asked, the ambitious individual who, partly by accident and partly by impudence, has once succeeded in leading his friends tacitly to admit his superiority, is usually enabled to take that rank which, perhaps, nine people out of ten with whom he is discussing from the possession of *real* knowledge upon the subject, are truly and justly entitled to.

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support, we have often to listen to a variety of conflicting theories; one person, perhaps, declaring that Beethoven will soon find his level—another that Mozart should have adhered more to the Italian school—a third that Donizetti's melodies are superior to Auber's; and all knowing just as much of the subject upon which they are speaking as a New-Zealander knows of the poetry of Shakspeare or Milton.

Let us select a few, at random, as specimens of the class.

Mr. Simpson thinks that there is nothing like a good striking melody which everybody can fully enjoy the first time he hears it. Beethoven's symphonies are all very well for professional men, because they have educated themselves to appreciate them; but, to the general public, they are all humbug. Handel's oratorios are enough to kill any reasonable Christian. Rossini is the only man who can send you away from the opera in a state of delicious excitement; and "Semiramide" is the finest opera ever written. He admits that there is much talent in Mozart's writings; but is convinced that the sparkling melodies of the Italian school are immeasurably superior. He is sorry—extremely sorry—when he finds that you do not agree with him; but he has little doubt that it results from your musical education, which has much fettered you in your judgment. For his part he speaks according to his own convictions, and he feels that he is right and you are wrong in the matter.

Mr. Simpson has heard part of Beethoven's Pastoral symphony at the "Promenade concerts,"—sung "All' idea di quel metallo" with a "gent." at a private party; and has never heard a note of Mozart in his life.

Mr. Watkins differs from his friend Simpson, and always *has* done so, in considering Rossini at the head of operatic composers. He decidedly thinks that Weber is entitled to preeminence in this department of the art, although he owns that there is much—very much—to admire in Mozart's operas. What can be finer than the demoniacal music in Weber's opera of *Der Freischütz*; or what more fairy-like than the overture to *Oberon*? He admits Beethoven's sonatas for the pianoforte to be very fine compositions; although he does not hesitate to say that they are very heavy. He decidedly thinks that England can never produce composers equal to those on the continent; and he regrets it, being himself (Watkins) an Englishman. He believes that the frequenters of the Italian opera are the best judges of music; and he utterly disagrees with those who think that the taste of the fashionable public is not the true one.

Mr. Watkins has heard *Oberon* once at Drury Lane—listened to the overture to *Der Freischütz* on the Apollonicon—heard a musical friend say that Beethoven's sonatas were "heavy"—and has been three times to gallery of the Opera.

Mr. Robinson pays no respect to what is called "high art;" but says what he thinks. He admires some songs of Mozart's; but would not take a reasonable sum to sit out one of his operas. He thinks a symphony a most absurd species of composition; and does not wonder that the Philharmonic subscribers are almost entirely composed of professional musicians and advanced amateurs. He thinks the German school bad; the French school a little better; and the Italian school, although he candidly owns that it is defective, decidedly the best of all. In pianoforte music he much prefers Herz to Mozart.

Mr. Robinson has once listened to "Non piu Andrai," at a party given in honour of his friend Jackson's marriage—never heard a symphony in his life—dropt in at Drury Lane theatre during the last act of "Fra Diavolo"; and has once heard a young lady play the "Gavotte de Vestris," with variations, on the pianoforte.

Mr. Jenkins knows that he disagrees with many persons on musical matters; but he will not alter his settled convictions on that account. It is indeed for this reason that he does not like to argue with professional persons on the subject—not because he feels himself at all inferior to them—but because he knows that, by their previous training, they will at once stand up for the superiority of what are termed the *classical* authors. For his part he believes that music was ordained to please—to astonish—to exhilarate—and, if so, he would put it to the company whether the compositions of such men as Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, &c., had ever produced this effect upon them. He believes that quadrilles, waltzes and galops always have an inspiring effect upon the people, and although he grants that the meditative German character might appreciate the learned compositions of Beethoven and others, he feels convinced that they would never do for the English people. He is well aware that Mozart was a precocious genius; but he believes that having in early life acquired a great name, he has since been exalted far above his real merits. He knows that the "Sinfonia Eroica" was composed on the death of a great hero, and is aware of the name of the hero.

Mr. Jenkins has been three times to the concert at the Surrey Zoological Gardens—twice to the Promenade concerts; knows nothing of Beethoven but his life; and has heard "La ci darem la mano" hissed out by a young lady and gentleman, who were solemnly engaged to be married during the following week.

## Reviews.

"The Service Book of St. Columba."—(Cramer, Beale, & Co.)

This work contains the Order for Morning Prayer, the Litany, the Order for Morning Prayer on Fast days, and the Litany for ditto, besides Gregorian chants, single chants, double chants, and the Latin grace. It was put together for the use of students in the College of Columba, the multiplication of MS. copies having involved too serious an expense of time. The contents of this manual may be traced almost without exception to materials previously extant. The melodies of the Gregorian chants are strictly copied from the originals—the harmonization of Tallis and Morley being in all cases adopted when practicable. The college of Columba not having deemed it expedient to incur the risk of printing and publishing the work, a liberal amateur of ecclesiastical music, generously undertook the whole obligations and consequent risk. The chants have been carefully selected from the respective collections of Dr. Crotch, Dr. Rimbault, Mr. Goss, and Mr. Burns. The entire work has been compiled and arranged, and many of the tunes are newly harmonized, by Mr. Edwin Geo. Monk, a Fellow of the College. The music set to the Latin grace, *Ante Cibum* and *Post Cibum*, is entirely original, and confers infinite credit on the knowledge of ecclesiastical harmony possessed by Mr. Monk, who, as a pupil of Mr. G. Alexander Macfarren (until lately Professor of Harmony and Counterpoint in the Royal Academy of Music), does much honor to his distinguished master. The elegant style in which the work is produced, is worthy of all praise. We trust the students of St. Columba will not fail to profit by the advantages it offers.

"Instructions for the Cornopean."—"Instructions for the Keyed Bugle."—F. EGAN. (T. F. Purday).

These are excellent and useful compendiums of all that is requisite, in an elementary point of view, in the study of the cornopean and the keyed bugle, instruments so generally in favor with amateurs. The first is prefaced by some admirable remarks about the transposition of music for the cornopean. The rules are explicitly and succinctly laid down, and the exercises for practice, arranged in progression, according to the order of their difficulty, are well selected from the most popular melodies of the composers of the day, and from the rich mines of old English, Irish, and Scotch tunes. There are also several compositions of Mr. Egan, the author, as duets for two cornopeans, and trios for the same, with the addition of a bass trombone, or *contra basso*. These are among the most useful and agreeable of the examples. We may apply much the same kind of eulogy to the "Instructions for the Keyed Bugle," which are, moreover, enriched by observations on the power and capabilities of the trombone, with the scales of the tenor and bass trombones, and of the valve-trumpet and horn. We are happy in being able to recommend these works strongly, on account of their great completeness, clearness, and consequent utility to learners.

"Forget me not."—Ballad. ARTHUR L. CRAMER. (Addison and Hodson.)

Mr. Cramer has been very happy in the choice of his words; which are from the pen of Mrs. Opie, the erst popular authoress of "Father and Daughter," a novel that all the world reads, and few read without admiring. Mr. Cramer has found an elegant melody, in A flat, which is well adapted to the sentiment of the poetry, and his accompaniment is appropriate and musician-like. The harmonic progression in the two last lines of page 4 is beautiful, and the whole song is worthy the vocalist's attention. D.



## The Time has been.

A FRAGMENT.

Hush! I entreat thee, hush!—those are not words  
To be thus lightly uttered:—child when thou  
Hast seen the glory of the world depart.  
Hast looked on the decay of all that made  
That world seem dear to thee, *then* thou may'st say,  
While the hot tear unnoticed scathes thy cheek,  
"The time has been."—They speak of blighted hope,  
Lost love—of broken faith—they are the knell,  
The solemn dirge—whose voice is only heard  
When all has perished.

'Twas on an eve like this, when first that sound  
Rung mournful on mine ear. I wandered forth  
As gay, as glad, Costanza—as thou art now,  
And thought with thee—my heart reflected  
The careless joy of the sweet smiling world;  
But as I gazed, and stood all motionless,  
Listening to that sweet voiceless melody,  
An echo heard on earth of hymns in heaven,  
A light slow footstep broke upon my ear,  
My solitude was gone:—Had'st thou but seen  
The broken heart that was presented there,  
Thy smile would be less sunny—on the earth  
Her gaze was rivetted:—she marked me not  
'Till raising her sad eyes to heaven:—I heard  
Uttered in agony of soul,—the words,  
"The Time has been."—Slowly she turned and knelt  
Upon the grassy sward, as if to pray—  
But could do naught, save raise her hands and sob—  
And who shall say that the poor mute appeal,  
Pierced not the glorious firmament above  
And reached the mercy-seat of the Most High!  
Costanza—my heart whispered it was so.  
The fair world, as one great altar seemed,  
Her gentle, bleeding heart, the sacrifice,  
And I, the witness of the holy act  
By which she claimed a refuge from her God,  
Long vainly sought, and sorrowed for on earth.  
There was no need of question—It was not  
Untill the meteor she had fondly deemed  
Even a brighter sun—had darkly set  
Never to beam again.—'Twas not until  
Her fevered lip had sought to quench its thirst,  
At a clear stream, which mocked her eagerness,  
And showed itself a vision of the mind,  
Which had created what it languished for:  
That she bethought her of the living light,  
The crystal fountain taking rise in heaven,  
Which now her footsteps humbly turned to seek.  
Costanza—this was shadowed in the words  
"The Time has been!"

J. M. C.

## Original Correspondence.

FLOWERS *versus* MOLINEUX.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

"Horatio, if he be a gentleman,  
He'll sure accept my challenge."—OLD PLAY.

My dear Sir,

Mr. Molineux flatters me, and his language is very undisguised, as the following quotations directed to me will show. "Impertinence"—"his jumble of letters"—"*gimcrack* style"—"I am right in my conjecture, that Mr. Flowers has been very wrong to pretend to any judgment at all in musically scientific matters."—"I hope the Germans regard him not as a fair sample of an Englishman" [But they will, my musical flatterer]—"habitual pusillanimity"—[I thought I should have escaped this high quality; but of course that gentleman intends to compliment me] "officially" &c. My withholding the names of those who have musically

erred is designated a want of "moral courage;" this is singular reasoning. I might have had a better motive for concealing my name; viz., the unjustness of singling out one man, when so many are similarly culpable. "Silly questions,"—"his proposal of the health of a certain potentate produced a hubbub" [How dreadful! but *The Illustrated London News* has much to answer for in this respect, for it wrote as follows:—"The Queen of England came late, and only after it had been suggested to Liszt and spoken by *your*" (shocking falsehood) "correspondent," &c., see that journal of Aug. 23, 1845]. "His writings in praise of, and not in explanation of counterpoint" (Why should I, and for whom? echo for those who would not thank you)—"and the *Fuga Alla Capella* now brought them most unfortunately" [what sympathy!] "into disrepute." What a great man I must be, and what LITTLE men, then, must others be to be so affected. "Roast beef and plum-pudding, or potato and point!" What a pity my flatterer did not wind up with *stout*, for it might have been sooner excused for the trouble he has taken about me. I have a word to add. Dr. Withers, the author of a work called *Aristarcus*, was a man much distinguished for his literary attainments; but he never wrote such powerful language as Mr. Molineux: but I will tell you what he did do: like Ajax of old, he stepped forward and shewed the intellectual, by challenging any member of the university of Oxford, to a trial of critical skill in the Greek language. I am prepared to follow his example in music, by challenging Mr. Molineux to write a "*Fuga Alla Capella*" in eight voices with me; this *pusillanimous* step may settle the question between us, and I will just remind that gentleman, that he who talks much and can do little in the art or science to which he professes, only flatters those he endeavours to depreciate. Knowing you, Mr. Editor, must agree with me in this respect, I lay down my pen, confidently believing you retain a good opinion of your frequent correspondent,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

## Provincial.

WAKEFIELD.—Mr. and Mrs. Wood.—On Sunday last, three sermons were preached in the parish church—in the morning by the Rev. G. A. Walker, afternoon by the Rev. Mr. Hornby, and evening by the Rev. R. Buckridge, on which occasion Mr. and Mrs. Wood, the celebrated vocalists, and Messrs. Dyson, Knowles, and D. Turton, took part in the musical portion of the services. The church was crowded in the morning, and in the afternoon and evening was crammed in every part immediately after the doors were opened; hundreds were unable to gain admission. In the course of the morning service, "The Creed," the composition of Mrs. Wood, was delightfully given by that lady. The anthem, "The daughters of Zion," was beautifully sung, each part well sustained, every word enunciated with clearness. In the afternoon Kent's anthem, "Hear my prayer," was given with great effect—we listened with pleasure to the singing of a young lady, pupil of Mrs. Wood, who promises to occupy a high position in the musical world. But the treat was reserved for the evening; the anthem, "Vital spark," was selected and given in a manner to surpass Mr. and Mrs. Wood's previous efforts. During the singing the congregation were noiseless, enchanted with the harmony, and only restrained from manifesting their delight by the sacredness of the place in which they were assembled. The effect of the vocal music was heightened by the organ accompaniments of Mr. White, which were given with talent and judgment, and universally admired. Indeed Mr. White has gained the distinction of being one of the first organists of the day, and his playing on Sunday proved him worthy of that position.

BRISTOL.—Considerable improvements are about to be made in the Victoria-rooms. A new orchestra, giving accommodation to 170 performers will be erected; and sufficient sitting-room for about 1400 persons will be provided; the seats, at the sides and the end, will be raised, so as materially to increase the comfort of the auditors.—*Felix Farley*.

BRIGHTON.—(From a Correspondent).—On Friday night and Saturday morning Mr. Wilson gave two of his entertainments on the songs of Scotland, and on both occasions the Newburgh Rooms were crowded with highly fashionable audiences. Mr. Wilson is a great favourite, and draws houses in Brighton when no one can. He was in excellent voice on the present occasion, and the selections were admirable. In addition to his own unrivalled Scotch songs, he sang a German ballad, "In yonder happy cottage," in which his fine voice was shown off to great advantage—Curschman's "She is mine," and Attwood's adaptation of the "Soldier's Dream." In all of these he was loudly and deservedly applauded.

## Miscellaneous.

**MADAME PLEYEL.**—A correspondent from Paris writes to us thus—

"You are wrong in stating that Madame Pleyel was born in Ghent. That Flemish town, proud in its wealth of commerce, cannot boast of so distinguished an *artistic* honor as the birth of the celebrated pianist. That honor was ordained for Paris, already so fertile of musical prodigies, but in no way willing to give up its claim to the most brilliant of them all. Please correct the error, undecieve your friends, and oblige your constant reader.

H. H.

We willingly give this insertion. It little matters to us where Madame Pleyel first saw the light, since unhappily it was not in England. It is, however, something for us to say, that she was born in Europe—and we stoutly refuse to resign her either to Asia, Africa, or America. Madame Pleyel first gazed upon an European firmament—let her numberless European votaries be content with that.

**EXETER HALL.**—The Sacred Harmonic Society commenced proceedings on Friday evening, with the *Israel in Egypt*, of Handel, which, considered as the first of the season, was, on the whole, a highly commendable performance. The "Hailstone," "Horse and his Rider," "He dashed them to pieces," "He smote all the first born of Egypt," "Egypt was glad," and one or two other choruses, went better than we have yet heard them at Exeter Hall. "The people shall hear," "They loathed to drink," and some others of the more intricate, still require careful training ere they can hope to arrive at anything like perfection. In the first mentioned of these latter, the confusion of the major and minor keys, by the frequent antagonism of simultaneously enunciated major and minor thirds, seems to be a fault so habitual to the choir, that to abandon it were a revolution too violent for their conservative politics;—the chorus would be better, however, as Handel has written it, viz. all naturals or all sharps, as the score may indicate. In other respects, we have nothing but praise for the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The band, by the way, is much improved, and had it not been for the additional *brass*, so injudiciously thrust into Handel's score, we should not have a syllable to breathe against the effect they produced on Monday night. The vocalists were Misses Rainforth and M. B. Hawes, Messrs. Arthur, Henry Phillips and Leffler. The ladies were all that could be wished—Mr. Arthur, who has a fine voice, and a manner void of affectation, will be better when he has mastered the nervousness consequent on his present inexperience—Mr. H. Phillips and Mr. Leffler were loudly applauded in their respective songs—to both of which, however, being useless interpolations in Handel's text, we very strongly object—and were vociferously encored in the duet, "The Lord is a man-of-war"—perhaps, the most effective ever written for two male voices. The *Occasional Overture* was well performed by the orchestra, but is wholly out of place, having nothing characteristically in common with *Israel in Egypt*. The overture in question is little better than a piece of brilliant noise—there is nothing in it sufficiently deep and solemn to render it a fit prelude to such a profound and wonderful work—moreover it is in D major—and the introductory chorus in the *Israel* is in C minor—keys which cannot possibly be twisted into consecutive consanguinity. If an overture must be performed in spite of Handel's evident intention to the contrary—for who can doubt his ability to have composed one, had he thought it necessary to his design?—some less boisterous and merry a prelude should be found. The Hall was crammed to repletion, in every corner, and the oratorio will be repeated on Tuesday

week. During the last season the number of subscription concerts given by the Society amounted to eleven, during which were performed the Oratorios of *The Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Judas Maccabeus*, *Solomon* and *Athaliah*, by Handel—the *Dettingen Te Deum* and *Coronation* anthems by the same—a *Jubilate*, by Purcell—the Oratorios of *David*, by Neukomm, and *St. Paul*, by Mendelssohn—besides a miscellaneous selection of anthems and cathedral music. We are most happy to hear that the funds are in a prosperous state, and the prospects of the Society in all respects flourishing.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.**—The third chamber concert occurred on Thursday evening, in Erat's Harp Saloon. The programme was as follows:

**QUARTET, in F (MS.).**—Two Violins, Tenor and Violoncello; Messrs. Thirlwall, Patey, Hill, and Lucas ..... G. A. MACFARREN.  
**SONG.**—"The Rose" Miss Steele ..... H. BRINLEY RICHARDS.  
**SONG.**—"By tales of war," (*Jessonda*) Mr. Machin ..... SPOHR.  
**QUARTET, in A, (MS.)** first time of performance. Pianoforte, Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello; Miss Orger, Messrs Thirlwall, Hill, and Lucas..... CAROLINE ORGER.  
**QUARTET.**—"Over the dark blue waters," (*Oberon*) Miss Steele, Miss Cubitt, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Machin..... WEBER.  
**LAMENT.**—"Swifter far than summers flight." Miss Cubitt..... HOWARD GLOVER.  
**CANTATA.**—"Thou hast slept, O, Lyre!" Mr. Lockey ..... W. H. KEARNS.  
**GRAND NONETTO, Op. 31.**—Violin, Tenor, Violoncello, Double Bass, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon; Messrs. Patey, Hill, Lucas, W. Bull\*, B. Wells\*, Nicholson, Lazarus, E. B. Harper, and Keating..... SPOHR.

\* First appearance at these Concerts:

The Vocal Music accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. C. E. Stephens. Director for the Evening, Mr. H. Westrop.

Mr. Macfarren's quartet is a masterly composition—perhaps, indeed, the most finished that has preceded from his pen. It was written for, and dedicated to, the celebrated violinist, Ernst, two years ago. It was performed at one of the chamber concerts of Messrs. Macfarren and Davison, in the spring of the same year—Ernst himself taking the first violin, backed by Goffrie as second, Hill as tenor, and Lucas as violoncello. With such a performance in our recollection, it is natural we should be rather punctilious—but we must confess to have been greatly pleased with the interpretation of Messrs. Thirlwall and Patey on Monday night. Hill and Lucas were the originals, and, moreover, require no eulogy here or elsewhere, their position being too firm to be affected by criticism. A new *Finale* has been written for the quartet by Mr. Macfarren, and thus the only equivocal portion of the work being replaced by a movement full of grace and melody—and, besides, entirely in keeping with the rest—we feel a confidence in pronouncing this quartet worthy to be placed by similar productions of the greatest masters, without disgracing them, or injuring itself, by comparison. Mr. Richards' ballet is simple and elegant; it was chastely sung by Miss Steele to the composer's own accompaniment, and narrowly escaped an encore—indeed, a much less palpable demand for repetition has frequently been responded to in our hearing. Spohr's fine song was energetically rendered by Mr. Machin, and loudly redemanded. To Miss Orger's quartet, and to her playing, we are delighted to be able to pay high compliment. The *Scherzo* might have proceeded from the pen of Mendelssohn himself—whose manner, by the way, it strongly recalls—and the rapidity and neatness with which it was executed by the fair composer elicited loud approval and a general encore—than which nothing could

have been better merited. Weber's quartet went tolerably well, but loses half its effect for want of an orchestra. Mr. Glover's song is a thoughtful and clever effort, and though it differs from our own notion of what should musically paint the sentiment of Shelley's most exquisite verses, we cannot withhold our eulogy from the skilful manner in which the composer has developed his own idea of the matter. Miss Cubitt sang it with great effect, being materially aided by the accompaniment of Mr. Glover, who took his offspring under his own especial care. The *Cantata* of Mr. Kearns is beyond our comprehension. It seemed like a fragment of a pianoforte concerto, accompanied by vocal passages at random. It begins in E flat minor, and concludes in A—setting all relationship of keys at defiance. Mr. C. E. Stephens, the accompanist for the evening, had a difficult task to achieve, but encompassed it to admiration. In Mendelssohn's trio—apart a slight hesitation in the commencement, owing to the violoncello setting off in advance of the violin—the splendid execution and energetic style of Mr. W. Dorrell, told with great effect and won repeated plaudits. Mr. Dorrell was manfully seconded by Messrs. Patey and Lucas, his coadjutors. The *Nonetto* of S. Pohr was omitted, owing to the non arrival of one of the parts, and thus, though deprived of Mr. Patey's principal essay, which we greatly regretted, the concert was reduced to desirably moderate dimensions.

**PHILHARMONIC.**—At a general meeting of the Philharmonic, held last week, the concerts for the season were fixed to take place as follows:—March 16th and 30th, April 2nd, May 4th and 18th, June 1st, 15th, and 29th. The following Professors were elected Members—Messrs. J. B. Chatterton, H. Westrop, and H. J. Banister; and the following were elected Associates—Messrs. J. F. Loder, G. Cooper, J. T. Cooper, Gledhill, Costa, Benedict, and Dizi. The latter was one of the original members, but owing to his nephew neglecting to pay his subscription, he ceased to belong to the Society, which does not hold with the old saying, "Once a captain, always a captain." The Directors are, Messrs. Anderson, Bennett, Calkin, Griesbach, Howell, Lucas, and McMurdie. Treasurer Mr. Anderson; Librarian, Mr. Calkin; Sub-Librarian and Copyist, Mr. Goodwin; and Secretary, Mr. W. Watts.

**MR. FRENCH FLOWERS** informs us that he has received a letter from Aloys Schmitt, of Frankfort, in which that distinguished artist and his eldest son express their desire to become members of the "Contrapuntists' Society"—an example which our correspondent trusts will be followed by many English musicians. Mr. Flowers further informs us, that he is arranging Handel's Oratorios of *Hercules* and *Sampson*, for the piano-forte, at the suggestion, and for the advantage of the eminent firm of Simrock, in Bonn. From the same authority we learn that Mr. Dulcken, husband of the celebrated pianist, Madame Dulcken, is zealously endeavouring to promote the scheme which has been sometime in contemplation, of erecting a monument in Dresden, to the memory of Carl Maria Von Weber. Mr. Dulcken has received a letter signed by many influential persons in that city, who profess their interest in the undertaking and liberally proffer their assistance. Let us hope that England may not be the backwardest in aiding the progress of this just tribute to the illustrious Weber.

**SARAH FLOWER.**—From Milan we hear on the best authority, that great expectations are formed of our English Contralto, Sarah Flower, in the musical circles of that capital; we should record this with unmixed satisfaction, but we learn with regret, that severe indisposition has, too frequently, interfered with her professional avocations.

**ALDERSGATE INSTITUTION.**—On Friday Evening a Concert was given at the Aldersgate Literary Institution, which was numerously attended. The *Andante* and *Finale* from Beethoven's symphony in D, were admirably rendered by the orchestral force, ably led by Mr. Patey. After which various songs were given in very effective style. Mrs. Alexander Newton, Mrs. Lewick, Miss Bragier, and the Misses Pyne. Mrs. Newton was encored in a new song, composed for her with *cornet obligato* by Mr. White; and Mrs. Lewick sang with taste and feeling, Benedict's popular ballad, "The sad sea waves." The male vocalists were Mr. Carter, Mr. Stowbridge, and Mr. Turner. The principal feature of the evening was the debut of a very young lady, Miss Vandenburg (pupil of Mr. Aspull), who played the *Andante* and *Rondo*, from Mendelssohn's Concerto in G. The accuracy of time, and justness of style, given to the slow movement were admirable, and in the Rondo Miss Vandenburg surprised her audience by the rapidity, certainty, and power of her octave passages. The disposition in one so young for this species of music is equally commendable to herself and her excellent master. By way of contrast, Miss Vandenburg played Dohler's *Fantasia* on "Vivi tu," with great brilliancy and power. We congratulate this young lady on her immense improvement since we last heard her. At the conclusion of her performance, the audience gave a proof of their pleasure in animated and long sustained applause. We must not omit to notice a young artist, Mr. Horton, who played with great skill and perfect mastery of his instrument, a solo on the oboe. The Concert though long, gave great satisfaction. *From a Correspondent.*

**CAMILLO SIVORI** has been at Brighton, fulfilling several highly lucrative engagements. He returned to London on Tuesday evening. A biography of the celebrated artist has lately appeared at M. Rolandi's, the Italian publisher.

**PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.**—Although nothing has, as yet, been finally settled in regard to the conductorship of the Philharmonic concerts next season, we believe that we may venture to state, that Signor Costa will wield the baton, and no mistake.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Mr. Spicer, author of "Honesty," has abandoned, for the present, his contemplated lessceeship of Covent Garden theatre.

**MR. WALLACE'S NEW OPERA**, entitled *Maritana* (not *Don Cesar de Bazan*, as stated by mistake in our last), is postponed till Saturday, when it will positively be produced. The reasons assigned by the manager of Drury Lane theatre for this postponement are the difficulties of the music, and the elaborate nature of the stage appointments, which absolutely necessitate further rehearsals. The cast of the opera includes Miss Romer, Mr. Henry Phillips, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Borrani. It is confidently expected by all parties connected with the production and representation of *Maritana*, that Saturday evening will form an epoch in the history of British dramatic music.

**MR. JOHN PARRY.**—We regret to hear, that indisposition prevented Mr. John Parry from attending various concerts last week, with Madame Dulcken, Mdle. Schloss, the Misses Williams, Herr Goldberg, Mr. Carte, &c. &c. He intended to have joined the party at Liverpool on Monday, but he did not find himself well enough to do so; he was to join them at Wolverhampton yesterday, and, from thence to proceed on a tour through the provinces, terminating at Edinburgh, on the 3rd of December.



### To Correspondents.

Several Reviews—Original Articles—Provincial Notices, &c. &c., with acknowledgments of subscriptions and answers to correspondents are unavoidably deferred till next week.

"The Cavalier Gluck," and the poem called "I hear a Voice," are accepted with thanks.

\*\* Our correspondents from Paris, Brussels, and Vienna have written to us—but their communications have arrived too late for insertion in the present number.

### Advertisements.

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Places and private boxes may be secured by application at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open from 10 till 4.—Private Boxes also at the Libraries of Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Sams, Mr. Ollivier, &c., and at M. Jullien's Musical Establishment, 214, Regent-street.

In consequence of the theatre being, after Christmas, let for dramatic performances, the concerts can, as last year, continue for one month only—the last will therefore take place on Saturday, December 12th.

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